

NO 3
JAN-
FEB.

SKELETON HAND

in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

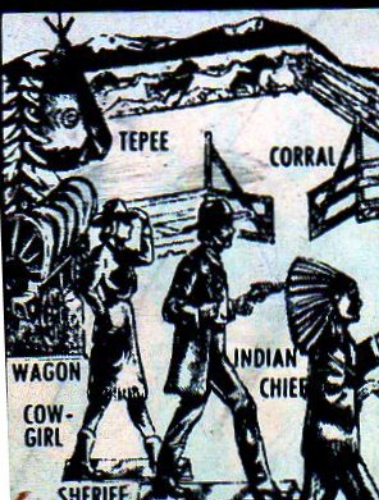
10¢

FOOL---YOU HAVE LOOKED
UPON THE *WATERS OF DOOM!*
NOW---YOU MUST DIE!

What
WAS THE DREAD
FORCE THAT STRUCK
FROM OUT OF THE
EERIE DEPTHS OF A
FORBIDDEN LAKE? FOR
THE CHILLING ANSWER...
DON'T MISS---
**"WATERS of
DOOM!"**



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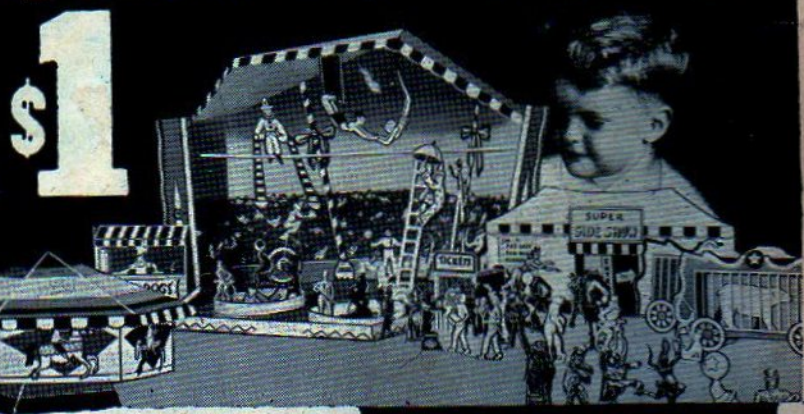
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OUT OF THE STEAMING JUNGLE DEEP IN THE INTERIOR OF MEXICO LOOMS THE SMOKING CRATER OF MOUNT CHAPETULCO! AT ITS BASE LIES AN UNNAMED LAKE, CALM AND PLACID -- BUT THE SERENITY OF THE SCENE IS DECEPTIVE, FOR BENEATH THE LAKE'S MIRRORED SURFACE LURK THE GRISLY TERRORS OF --

The WATERS OF DOOM!



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IT'S OKAY,
SIS, WE
MADE IT!

THANK
HEAVENS! BUT
WE'D BETTER
RADIO THE
FIELD AT
MEXICO CITY
FOR HELP!



IN MEXICO
CITY, WHERE
GREG BENNETT,
NINA'S FIANCE',
LEARNS OF
THE MISHAP...

YOU SAY THEY
WERE FORCED
DOWN NEAR
MOUNT
CHAPETULCO?

THAT'S WHAT THE RADIO
MESSAGE REPORTED!
GOOD LUCK, GREG--
AND BE CAREFUL!
I'VE HEARD STRANGE
STORIES ABOUT
THAT PLACE!



SOON
AFTER-
WARD--

THERE'S THE PLANE! AND THAT'S
NINA SIGNALLING ME, BUT
I DON'T SEE ROY!



GREG,
DARLING--
I KNEW
YOU'D
COME!

I'M GLAD
YOU'RE OKAY,
HONEY, BUT
WHERE'S
ROY?



HE WENT FOR
WATER AT THE
LAKE NEARBY,
BUT HE'S BEEN
GONE AN
AWFULLY LONG
TIME! I'M
WORRIED
THAT HE--

THERE HE IS
NOW! SAY--
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM? HE
LOOKS LIKE
HE'S IN A
TRANCE!



ROY! WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?
WE'RE OVER
HERE!

THERE'S
SOMETHING
STRANGE
ABOUT THIS!
HE SEEMS--
HYPNOTIZED!
COME ON,
LET'S
FOLLOW
HIM!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE'S WALKING RIGHT INTO THE LAKE!

ROY-- COME BACK!



GREG, LOOK! HE'S WALKING ON TOP OF THE WATER!

DON'T GO ANY CLOSER! THERE'S SOME DIABOLICAL EVIL AT WORK HERE! STAY BACK!



NO! I... I MUST SAVE HIM! OHHH-- HE'S GOING DOWN!

NINA-- DON'T--



HE'S DISAPPEARING! I... I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!



SUDDENLY, A GURGLING ROAR FILLS THE AIR! THEN, LOOMING MONSTROUS FROM OUT OF THE TURBULENT DEPTHS---

IT IS USELESS TO CALL YOUR BROTHER! HE IS GONE-- FOREVER!

MERCIFUL HEAVENS-- WHAT IS IT?



I AM LUTOK, DEMON OF THE LAKE! NEVER HAS ANY MORTAL VIEWED THE WATERS OF DOOM AND ESCAPED ALIVE! YOU SHALL JOIN YOUR BROTHER!

LET ME GO! HELP, GREG-- HELP!

I'M COMING, NINA!

AS THE FLAME FROM GREG'S GUN
SPITS FORWARD...

THE BULLETS DON'T HURT
HIM -- BUT HE SEEMS SCARED
OF THE MUZZLE FLAME!

AHH-III!

BANG!
OHH!

TAKING
ADVANTAGE
OF THE
FEARFUL
CREATURE'S
MOMENTARY
SHOCK --

HURRY, NINA! IF WE GET
BACK INTO THE JUNGLE,
WE MAY ESCAPE THIS
MONSTER!

I -- I CAN'T
RUN...
ANYMORE!

IT'S ALL RIGHT -- WE'RE SAFE!
THE MONSTER SEEMED TOO
STUNNED TO DO ANYTHING,
AND WE'RE OUT OF
HIS REACH HERE!

BUT MEANWHILE...

FOOLS! THEY THINK THEY
HAVE ESCAPED, BECAUSE
I CAN'T LEAVE THE WATER!
BY THE POWERS OF BLACKNESS--
I COMMAND THE PHANTOMS OF
THE MIST TO
DESTROY THEM!

LET'S GET
GOING! SAY,
WHERE DID
THIS FOG
COME FROM?

GREG!
LOOK OUT
-- BEHIND
YOU!

YE GODS! -- THOSE SWIRLING
DEMONS ARE BLOCKING OUR
WAY! STAND ASIDE, YOU
FIENDS -- WE'RE
COMING
THROUGH!

BANG!



THE FLASH FROM THE GUN IS DRIVING THEM BACK! COME ON, NINA -- WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE PLANE!

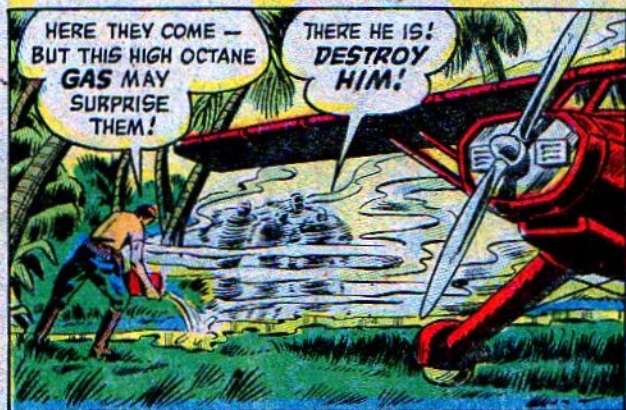
BLAM!
BAM!

DASHING HEADLONG THROUGH THE JUNGLE, JUST SECONDS AHEAD OF THE MIST PHANTOMS, GREG AND NINA REACH THE CLEARING! DESPERATE, GREG DECIDES ON A WILD PLAN...



START THE MOTOR WHILE I TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF! MY GUN'S EMPTY, BUT I HAVE AN IDEA!

HURRY! THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME!



HERE THEY COME -- BUT THIS HIGH OCTANE GAS MAY SURPRISE THEM!

THERE HE IS! **DESTROY HIM!**



THIS SHOULD BURN OFF SOME OF THE FOG!

FIRE! BEWARE OF THE FIRE!

PLOF!!



I HOPE THIS GAS BURNS LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO TAKE OFF FROM THIS PLACE!

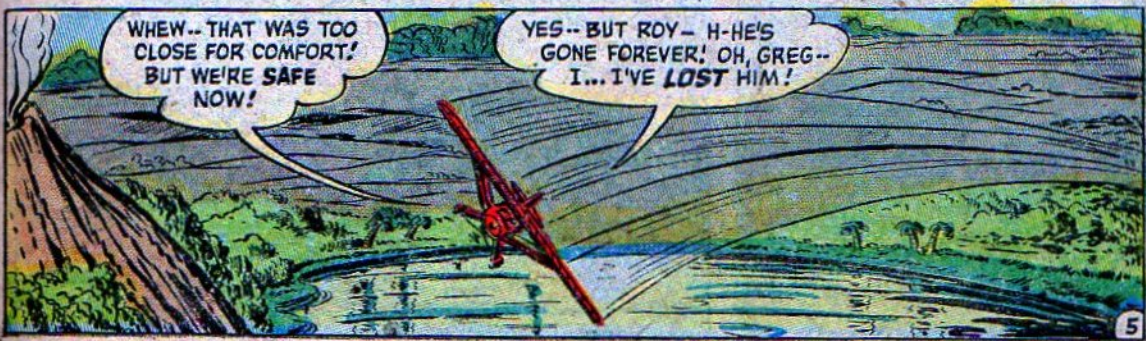
YAGH! BACK! GET BACK!



AS THE WALL OF FLAME DIES OUT...

QUICK-- SEIZE THE PLANE!

TOO LATE, CREEPS-- WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



WHEW-- THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! BUT WE'RE SAFE NOW!

YES-- BUT ROY-- H-HE'S GONE FOREVER! OH, GREG-- I... I'VE **LOST HIM!**

IN THE NEXT SECOND --

WHAT
HAPPENED?
DID WE HIT
AN AIR
POCKET?

IT'S ANOTHER
GEYSER, GREG...
HUNDREDS OF FEET
OF WATER
SHOOTING
STRAIGHT UP
AT US!



SUDDENLY, THE WATER
CONGEALS INTO A
FEARFUL APPARITION!

IT'S **LUTOK!**
HE'S PULLING
US DOWN INTO
THE LAKE!

QUICK,
NINA--OUR
ONLY HOPE
IS TO
PARACHUTE!



FOOLS!
NOTHING
CAN SAVE YOU
FROM MY
REVENGE!

OH, GREG--
**WE'RE
GONERS!**



WITH A POWERFUL FLIP OF HIS
ARM, THE DEMON FLINGS
THE PLANE ASIDE! THEN...

GREG, HE'S
CAUGHT ME!
HELP!

IDIOT! HE
MUST DIE,
TOO!

NINA!
I... I'M
HELPLESS!



MEANWHILE, GREG'S PLANE
SPINS CRAZILY HIGH INTO
THE SKY AND THEN
PLUMMETS STRAIGHT DOWN
INTO THE SMOKING CRATER
OF MOUNT CHAPETULCO!



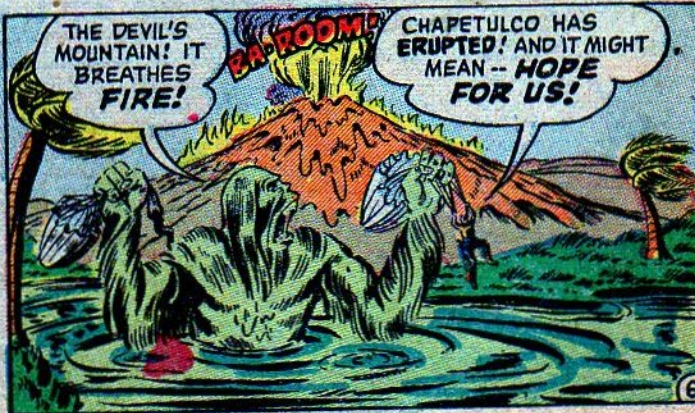
AND AS IT DISAPPEARS INTO
THE SEETHING DEPTHS
OF THE VOLCANO...



THE DEVIL'S
MOUNTAIN! IT
BREATHES
FIRE!

BA-ROOM!

CHAPETULCO HAS
ERUPTED! AND IT MIGHT
MEAN -- **HOPE
FOR US!**



THE FIRST FIERY WAVE OF MOLTEN LAVA GUSHES INTO THE LAKE, AND THE NEXT MOMENT, AN UNEARTHLY SHRIEK OF AGONY BURSTS FROM LUTOK'S LIPS!

AIII-III! THE WATERS OF DOOM ARE ON FIRE!

I KNEW IT! HE CAN'T STAND THE FIERY LAVA!



WE'RE SAVED! LUTOK'S DISAPPEARING -- BENEATH THE WATER!

YES, AND THE WIND IS BLOWING US BOTH TO THIS END OF THE LAKE -- AWAY FROM THE LAVA!



BACK ON SOLID GROUND! I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D MAKE IT!

YOU CAN THANK THE VOLCANO FOR THAT!



GREAT SCOTT, NINA, DO YOU SEE THAT? THE LAVA HAS COVERED OVER THE ENTIRE LAKE AND SET INTO SOLID ROCK!

AND LUTOK IS BURIED UNDERNEATH!



WE STILL HAVE THE PROBLEM OF GETTING AWAY FROM HERE!

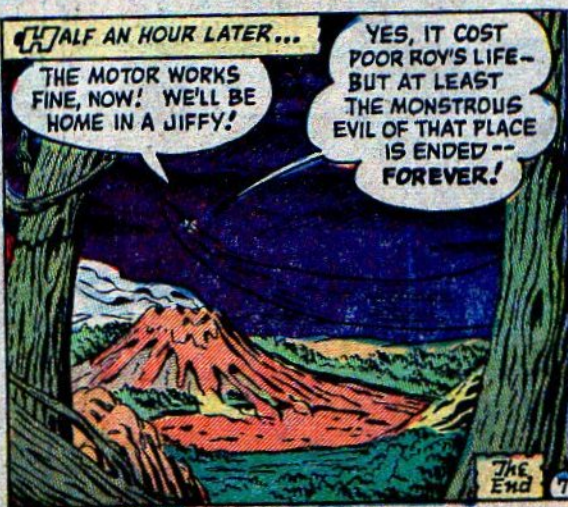
I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT ROY'S PLANE! MAYBE I CAN GET THE MOTOR GOING AGAIN!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

THE MOTOR WORKS FINE, NOW! WE'LL BE HOME IN A JIFFY!

YES, IT COST POOR ROY'S LIFE-- BUT AT LEAST THE MONSTROUS EVIL OF THAT PLACE IS ENDED -- FOREVER!



The End

"TRUE" **GHOSTS** OF HISTORY

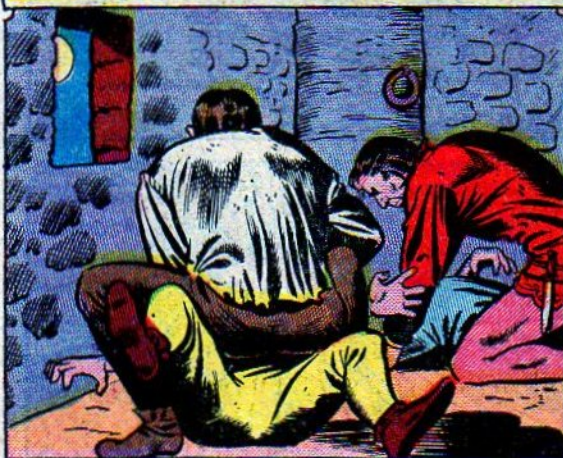
WHEN EDWARD IV OF ENGLAND DIED IN APRIL, 1483, HIS 13-YEAR-OLD SON, EDWARD V, AUTOMATICALLY BECAME KING! HOWEVER, RICHARD, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, DESIRING POWER, SEIZED THE BOY ON THE WAY TO HIS CORONATION...

RICHARD—WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? UNHAND THE KING!

HE HAS NOT BEEN CROWNED YET --- AND HE NEVER WILL BE!



BUT THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER REFUSED TO PUT THE YOUNG PRINCES TO DEATH --- AND SO RICHARD HIRED TWO MEN, MILES FOREST AND JOHN DIGHTON, TO STEAL INTO THE CELL AND SMOTHER THE BOYS!

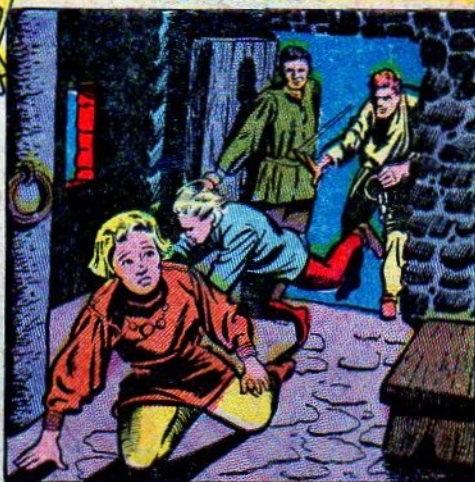


RICHARD'S ARMY FLED IN PANIC—BUT THOSE WHO LOOKED BEHIND SAID THEY SAW THE KING PULLED OFF HIS HORSE BY THE YOUTHFUL APPARITIONS!

H-HELP!

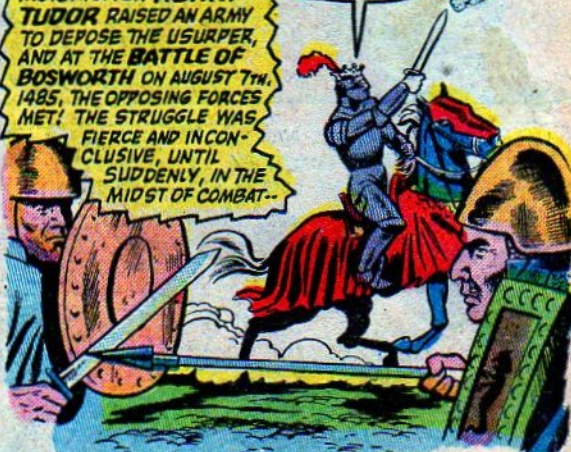


SWIFTLY, EDWARD AND HIS 10-YEAR-OLD BROTHER WERE THROWN INTO A CELL IN THE TOWER OF LONDON—TO AWAIT EXECUTION!



GLOUCESTER PROCLAIMED HIMSELF KING RICHARD III—BUT ALL ENGLAND KNEW THE PRINCES HAD BEEN MURDERED AT HIS ORDER! INDIGNANTLY, HENRY TUDOR RAISED AN ARMY TO DEPOSE THE USURPER, AND AT THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH ON AUGUST 7TH, 1485, THE OPPOSING FORCES MET! THE STRUGGLE WAS FIERCE AND INCONCLUSIVE, UNTIL SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF COMBAT--

LOOK--THE GHOSTS OF THE TWO MURDERED PRINCES!



BEFORE RICHARD COULD ESCAPE, HENRY'S MEN GALLOPED UP AND KILLED HIM --- AND THE TWO MURDERED PRINCES WERE AVENGED!



The END

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TWO
OFFERS
CHECK
ONE



Death and the MAIDEN

HARRIET LOOKED EAGERLY around the ballroom as she entered, but she couldn't find Dan in the crowd of gaily masked and costumed figures. She knew whom to look for, because she herself had picked out the costume her fiancé was to wear at the masquerade ball. But as far as she could see, no one present was masquerading as *Death*...which meant Dan hadn't arrived yet.

Walking across the ballroom, Harriet smiled to herself as she recalled how Dan had protested at having to wear the skull-like rubber face mask and the skeleton-like rubber gloves and the loose, flapping black robes. They had had a laughing argument in the costume shop, but Dan had given in when Harriet said she wanted him to wear it so that none of the other girls at the ball would dare dance with him...so that she would have him all to herself.

Harriet glanced impatiently about. The first dance was already starting, and still no Dan. He was late again...as usual.

"Pardon me," a man dressed in the costume of a Roman legionnaire said to her, "are you not the Maid of Lorraine... Joan of Arc? I know we're some fifteen centuries apart, but would you mind dancing with someone fifteen hundred years older than you?"

"I'm sorry," Harriet smiled, "but I'm waiting for Death!"

The look of instant shock in the legionnaire's eyes amused Harriet, but as he began to back away from her in horror, looking over her shoulder at someone behind her, she turned around wonderingly.

"Obbbb!" Harriet gasped at the sight of the grinning Death's head staring at her from under the black cowl. But a moment later, she remembered that it was only Dan, and she laughed nervously. "You... you startled me for a moment, darling...I had no idea that costume would be so...so realistic! And where on earth did you get that horrible looking scythe?"

"Death is never seen without his scythe!"

Harriet laughed at the deep, hollow tones coming from behind the mask. "I see you're living up to the part, darling... but make sure you use that spooky voice on the other girls at the ball as well as on me. But now, let's dance...oh, wait...we can't dance with that silly old scythe hanging from your shoulder. Come on, let's go out and park it in the garden."

Obediently, Death followed Harriet as she led the way through the French doors which led to the garden. There, alone in the fragrant darkness, they paused...and Death unslung his scythe.

Harriet smiled. "You haven't kissed me yet, darling," she said. "If you're afraid I'll be repelled, forget it...I know it's you underneath that mask."

Death took a step forward, the scythe still in his right hand, and placed his left hand behind Harriet's waist to draw her close. They kissed, but their lips had touched for only a fraction of a second before Harriet broke away in horror. "That...that's no mask!" she gasped. "Your...your face is a skull...and you... you must be..."

The scythe cut her off before she could finish.

TERROR in BLACK HOLLOW



Only stark ruins were supposed to mark the spot where **THE EVIL ONE** held sway-- ruins that thrust against the moonlight like a jagged warning! But the moment came when a wizened figure hobbled toward death in the shadows-- and it meant a night of **TERROR IN BLACK HOLLOW!**

ONE MOONLIT NIGHT-- ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AN ISOLATED VILLAGE --

WE'VE PICKED A RESTFUL SPOT FOR OUR VACATION, ELSA-- TOO RESTFUL! HOW ABOUT SNOOPING AROUND THAT PLACE EVERYONE AVOIDS-- **BLACK HOLLOW?**

PLEASE, DON-- I'VE MADE INQUIRIES-- **AND IT SOUNDS LIKE A SPOT WE'D BETTER LEAVE ALONE!**

SEVENTY YEARS AGO, A STRANGE HOUSE STOOD UP THERE-- **BLACK HOLLOW HALL!** THE PEOPLE HERE-- ABOUTS DREADED THE PLACE-- BUT ONE NIGHT, A LAD NAMED BELFORD WANDERED BLINDLY AROUND THE CURSED HOLLOW! AT MIDNIGHT, THE HOUSE COLLAPSED WITH A ROAR THAT WAS HEARD FOR MILES --

-- AND BELFORD NEVER RETURNED!

IT'S AN INTERESTING STORY, ELSA-- BUT I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW EASY IT IS TO DISPROVE! SUPPOSE WE **SEE** IF THERE ARE ANY RUINS UP AT **BLACK HOLLOW!**



MINUTES LATER-- IN A HUSH THAT SEEMS TO DEEPEN AT THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS--

DON, I'VE TAKEN MANY A LONELY WALK-- BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT-- IT'S CHARGED WITH SOME KIND OF DREADFUL, UNNAMED FORCE!

NONSENSE-- YOU CAN'T FEEL SOMETHING IN-VISIBLE! WE'LL LOOK BEHIND THAT UNDER-BRUSH JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT THERE'S NOTHING UP HERE-- AND THEN TURN BACK!



THEN-- SPRAWLED LIKE A HUGE SKELETON IN THE GREEN HALF-LIGHT--

WELL-- WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW?

OKAY, THERE **WAS** A HOUSE IN THE HOLLOW-- BUT THAT DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL!



SUDDENLY-- SHRILL AS THE PIPING OF A NIGHT BIRD IN THE SHADOWS--

VOICES-- VOICES!
HUMANS HAVE
COME TO
BLACK HOLLOW HALL!

GOOD HEAVENS--
THERE'S SOMETHING
INSIDE THE RUINS!



SLOWLY-- GROPING FROM THE DEPTHS--

I HAVE WAITED--THOUSANDS OF NIGHTS-- HERE IN BLACK HOLLOW! WAITED FOR SOMEONE **ALIVE**-- TO GUIDE ME AWAY-- FROM THIS LAIR OF THE EVIL ONE!



DON-- I CAN'T FACE THAT THING! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

HOLD IT, ELSA-- IT'S JUST A HARMLESS OLD MAN-- EXTREMELY ANCIENT-- AND BLIND!

NO-- NO-- DON'T GO AWAY! IF I DIE HERE-- THE EVIL ONE TRIUMPHS!

GREAT GUNS! WATCH OUT-- YOU'RE AT THE EDGE!

AS DON RUSHES FORWARD--



HE'S LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS FAST! WHAT ON EARTH IS HE DOING HERE, DON-- WHO IS HE?

CAN'T YOU GUESS-- AFTER TELLING ME ABOUT THE YOUTH WHO WANDERED **BLINDLY TO BLACK HOLLOW?** **THIS IS BELFORD** -- AND HE'S BEEN CROUCHING IN THE RUINS SINCE THE HOUSE COLLAPSED -- **SEVENTY YEARS AGO!**

ONLY MY **BLINDNESS**-- SAVED ME FROM THE TERRORS OF **BLACK HOLLOW HALL!** THE HOUSE CRUMBLLED BECAUSE I SHOWED NO FEAR-- BUT NOW THAT MY LIFE RUNS SHORT-- **BEWARE!** GET AWAY-- **NOW--** BEFORE THESE CURSED WALLS-- **RISE AGAIN!**

HE'S DEAD, ELGA! HARD TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HE MEANT BY THE **EVIL ONE**-- UNLESS IT WAS JUST THE TALK OF SOMEONE HALF-CRAZED BY

IT WAS MORE THAN THAT! I CAN FEEL THE GROUND SHAKING-- FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- **LET'S NOT STAY ANOTHER MINUTE!**



IN THE NEXT SECOND-- LIKE SOMETHING SEEN IN THE **BLACK GULF OF A NIGHTMARE**--

HOLY SMOKE! THE STONES ARE MOVING-- THE HOUSE IS STARTING TO TAKE SHAPE!

IT'S JUST WHAT OLD BELFORD WARNED US ABOUT! THE CURSED WALLS ARE RISING-- AND IT MEANS THE **TRIUMPH OF THE EVIL ONE!**



A CLOUD BRUSHES THE MOON-- AND AS IT PASSES IN A FLOOD OF GHOSTLY LIGHT--

GOOD LORD! **BLACK HOLLOW HALL HAS BEEN RESTORED** -- AND THERE'S A VOICE CALLING INSIDE!

BELFORD-- BELFORD! YOUR PLACE IS WAITING IN THE VAULT OF THE DEAD!



THEN-- HOBBLING STIFFLY TOWARD THE GLOWING WALLS--

LOOK AT THE BODY! IT'S MOVING, DON-- AS IF OBEYING A SUMMONS!

WE'VE GONE **THIS FAR**, ELGA-- IF THERE'S EVIL AT WORK HERE-- IT'S UP TO US TO FIGHT IT!



BUT, DON-- BELFORD SAID THIS IS A HOUSE OF **TERROR!** IF WE SEE ANYTHING HORRIBLE-- IT WILL BE MORE THAN I CAN TAKE!

MAYBE THERE IS A SHOCK AHEAD FOR US, HONEY! BUT AFTER ALL-- WHAT COULD BE **MORE HORRIBLE** THAN LEAVING THE OLD MAN'S SPIRIT TO COPE WITH IT **ALONE?**



AN INSTANT LATER -- LOOMING STARKLY IN THE ECHOING DARKNESS --

HERE YOU HAVE DIED -- AND HERE YOUR BODY WILL STAY! TO THE VAULT -- WHERE THE OTHER DEAD HAVE GATHERED!

GREAT GUNS! IT'S THE FIEND THAT PRESIDES OVER BLACK HOLLOW HALL -- THE EVIL ONE!

HUMANS! I THOUGHT I WOULD HAVE TO WAIT -- BUT I SHALL HAVE NEW VICTIMS THIS VERY NIGHT!

DON, THIS IS WHAT BELFORD TRIED TO FORESTALL -- AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE!



OH WH! YE GODS -- SHE'S FAINTED!

HABA HA! A PROMISING START -- FOR THE HOURS OF CLUTCHING PANIC THAT LIE AHEAD!

FOR CENTURIES, UNSUSPECTING HUMANS HAVE BEEN LURED HERE -- TO DIE OF TERROR! THEIR UNBURIED BODIES ARE ARRAYED IN A HIDDEN VAULT -- CREATING THE ATMOSPHERE OF DEATH THAT KEEPS ME ALIVE! BELFORD WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO SURVIVE UNTIL MIDNIGHT -- CAUSING BLACK HOLLOW HALL TO CRUMBLE TO THE GROUND -- BUT READY TO RISE LIKE A TOMB OF EVIL THE MOMENT HE DIED AMONG THE RUINS!



THAT'S WHY BELFORD WANTED US TO LEAVE BEFORE HE DIED! BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME TERRIFIED, CREEP -- WE'RE GETTING OUT NOW!

FOOL, YOU WILL FIND ALL RETREAT BARRED BY A FORCE NO HUMAN CAN BREACH -- THE INVISIBLE BARRIER OF TERROR! SHE HAS FELT IT ALREADY -- AND THERE IS ENOUGH AHEAD

TO KILL YOU BOTH BY MID-NIGHT!

THROUGH THE FEAR-RIDDEN HALLS -- SHROUDED BY THE MEMORY OF DOOM --

BEFORE I EVEN TRY TO DEAL WITH THAT FIEND -- I'VE GOT TO FIND A PLACE OF SAFETY FOR ELSA! COULD BE I'M MORE PANICKY THAN I THINK -- BUT FOR SOME REASON -- HER BODY SEEMS TO BE GETTING LIGHTER!

AS DON TURNS INTO A MOONLIT CHAMBER --

GOOD LORD -- ELSA!



IN A FRENZY BEYOND EITHER FEAR OR RAGE--

I'VE GOT TO FIND THE EVIL ONE! IF I HAVE TO RIP THIS PLACE APART STONE BY STONE-- I'M GOING TO SAVE ELSA FROM THE BLIGHT THAT FIEND HAS INFLICTED!



DEEP INSIDE THE BROODING HEART OF BLACK HOLLOW HALL--

THERE'S SOMETHING BEYOND THAT DOOR--I CAN SENSE IT! AND IF IT'S THE LAIR OF THE EVIL ONE-- I'M READY FOR A SHOWDOWN!



THEN--

YE GODS-- IT'S THE VAULT OF THE DEAD!



FROM THE DARK NICHES-- EACH WITH ITS GAUNT AND SHRIVELED FORM--

WE HAVE NO GRAVE, WE HAVE NO BIER BUT LET TWO MORTALS ENTER HERE, THEY'LL END THE CURSE WITH HUMAN BREATH AND DOOM THIS ATMOSPHERE OF DEATH!



ONE THING'S SURE-- THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD WOULDN'T TALK ABOUT HUMANS UNLESS ELSA IS ALIVE! THAT HORRIBLE CHANGE SHE UNDERWENT WAS JUST A BLACK SPELL CAST BY THE EVIL ONE-- TO TRICK ME INTO LEAVING HER ALONE AND UNPROTECTED!



A MOMENT LATER--

DARLING-- THANK HEAVEN I'VE COME TO! IT WAS LIKE A TRANCE IN WHICH I IMAGINED MYSELF TO BE AN OLD WOMAN READY FOR DEATH --AND I WILL BE-- IF I HAVE ANOTHER SHOCK LIKE THAT!



THAT'S JUST WHAT THE EVIL ONE HAD IN MIND, ELSA! HE'S STALKING ALONG THE CORRIDOR-- BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW I'VE LEARNED SOMETHING THAT CAN SPELL HIS DOWNFALL!

IN A FRANTIC RUSH-- HA-- WAIT! I AM READY TO UNVEIL A SIGHT THAT WILL SHRIVEL YOUR VERY SOULS IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!



WE'VE GOT TO ENTER THE VAULT OF THE DEAD, HONEY! YOU'RE GOING TO KNOW A NEW KIND OF HORROR-- BUT REMEMBER, WE'RE WITHIN MINUTES OF SAFETY-- AT MIDNIGHT!



LOOK! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE UNBURIED DEAD NOW?

GOOD LORD-- THEY'RE FIENDS!

DON, NO-- NO! DON'T ASK ME TO GO INTO THAT INFERNO OF HORROR!

I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO THINK THAT BOTH THE EVIL ONE AND BLACK HOLLOW HALL COULD BE DESTROYED FOREVER-- BUT NO AMOUNT OF WILL POWER CAN WITHSTAND THIS!



HA-HA! NOW YOU KNOW HOW DOZENS OF OTHERS FELT-- AT THE VERY BRINK OF THE JABBERING PANIC THAT KILLED THEM!

COME ON, ELSA-- IT'S JUST ANOTHER TRICK! THOSE BODIES MERELY APPEAR DIFFERENT TO PREVENT US FROM ENTERING!



THE UNBURIED DEAD ARE CHANGING AGAIN, HONEY! AND WHILE THEY MAY BE A DREADFUL SPECTACLE-- THEY'RE NOT EVIL!

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO THE ATMOSPHERE OF DEATH! IT HAS BEEN CONTAMINATED-- BY THE BREATH OF LIFE!



IT DOESN'T MATTER ANY LONGER IF YOU DIE OF TERROR-- JUST AS LONG AS YOU DON'T REMAIN ALIVE-- BRINGING ME CLOSER TO DESTRUCTION WITH EVERY BREATH YOU DRAW!

DON-- HE'S GOING TO KILL US!



CRACK!

YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED HOW EASY IT WILL BE! I HAVE A STRENGTH FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE-- AND IT CAN REND YOU TO SHREDS IN A FLASH!

YOU SHOULD HAVE TRIED IT SOONER, GHOUL-- BECAUSE NOW IT'S TOO LATE!



NEVER-- NEVER!

NOT EVEN WHEN WE'VE REACHED MIDNIGHT-- WITHOUT SUCCUMBING TO TERROR? BLACK HOLLOW HALL IS READY TO TOPPLE AGAIN-- AND THIS TIME YOU'LL BE TRAPPED IN THE RUINS FOR ALL TIME!

AS THE BUILDING SHUDDERS-- AS IF
OVERBURDENED BY DARKNESS--



WE'RE THE FIRST HUMANS EVER
TO VENTURE INTO THE VAULT
OF THE DEAD, ELSA-- AND
IT ENDED THE ATMOSPHERE
OF DEATH THAT KEPT THE
EVIL ONE ALIVE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT
US? THE STAIR-
WAY'S COLLAPSED--
IT'S OUR ONLY
WAY OUT!



THEN-- IN A GLOW HAZED BY
THE SWIRLING DUST OF
DISSOLUTION--

GOOD HEAVENS,
DON-- LOOK!



IT'S BELFORD'S
GHOST! I CAN'T
BEAR THE SIGHT OF
ANOTHER PHANTOM,
DON-- I'D RATHER
DIE UNDER TONG
OF MASONRY THAN
UNDERGO THIS
ENDLESS TERROR!

BUT IF BELFORD
TRIED TO HELP US
WHILE HE WAS
ALIVE-- WHY BE
AFRAID OF HIS
GHOST? GET A
GRIP ON YOUR-
SELF-- IT HAS
A GOOD REASON
FOR BEING HERE!

MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT, DON! ALL
THE OTHER NICHES
ARE JUST BIG
ENOUGH TO HOLD
A BODY-- BUT
THIS ONE'S
DEEP!

IT'S A TUN-
NEL! BEL-
FORD'S GHOST
APPEARED TO
SHOW US HOW
HE GROPED
HIS WAY TO
SAFETY--
SEVENTY
YEARS
AGO!



SECONDS LATER--

THEN-- WITH THE FINAL ROAR OF UPHEAVAL
MOUNTING LIKE A TREMENDOUS WAVE...



DON'T LOOK
BACK! WE'VE
GOT TO MAKE
IT-- BEFORE
THE SHAFT
GIVES WAY!

DARLING--
THERE'S THE
END OF
BLACK
HOLLOW
HALL!

IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE, ELSA--
BUT THIS TIME IT MEANS THE
END OF THE EVIL ONE! THERE'S
NO LONGER A FIENDISH SPIRIT
THAT CAN LURK AMONG THE
RUINS-- WAITING FOR THE
CURSED WALLS
TO RISE!



THE
END

WERE-PANTHERS OF LONDON

SOMEWHERE IN THE BLACKHEATH SECTION OF LONDON, IT HAS BEEN RELIABLY REPORTED, A GROUP OF ORDINARY-LOOKING PEOPLE PERIODICALLY ENTER AN ORDINARY-LOOKING HOUSE...



... BUT ONCE INSIDE ...



THEN THERE FOLLOWS A WEIRD CEREMONY THAT HAS ITS ORIGINS IN DARKEST AFRICA! DRESSED IN PANTHER SKINS, THE LONDONERS DANCE WILDLY AROUND A STUFFED PANTHER AND AN EXOTIC FEMALE WITCH-DOCTOR, WHOSE INCANTATIONS SPUR THE DANCERS TO PITCHES OF MAD FRENZY!



AND SUDDENLY... A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION IS SAID TO TAKE PLACE!



LAT DAWN...



BUT INVARIABLY, AFTER ONE OF THOSE NIGHT-LONG RITUAL DANCES, THE POLICE FIND A BODY MYSTERIOUSLY MANGLED!



THERE HAVE BEEN MANY WHISPERED RUMORS ABOUT THE WERE-PANTHERS OF LONDON... BUT IF YOU WANT TO INVESTIGATE THOSE RUMORS FOR YOURSELF, READER, YOU DO SO AT YOUR OWN RISK!

THE END

"TRUE" GHOST EXPERIENCES

"TRUE" GHOST EXPERIENCES--ARE THEY VALID? SOME ARE SWORN TO, DOCUMENTED, SEEM TO BEAR THE HALLMARK OF AUTHENTICITY! OTHERS CARRY BUT THE WORD OF THE WRITER, AND THEIR TRUTH IS LEFT FOR YOU, THE READER, TO JUDGE! HERE'S SUCH AN INSTANCE--CONTAINED IN A STRANGE LETTER FROM CONVICT #930876 IN THE DEATH HOUSE OF AN ILLINOIS STATE PRISON...

Dear Editor,
I'm writing this to you because no one else will believe me--and I want somebody to know the real story of how I ended up in the Big House--



"I WAS DEAD BROKE IN CHI, ON THE LAM FROM THE COPS IN ST. LOO-- AND I FIGURE THIS CABBY WILL BE A SOFT TOUCH!"



"HE FORKED OVER HIS MONEY ALL RIGHT-- BUT WHEN I TURNED TO RUN--"



"I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM! BUT HE JUMPED RIGHT INTO MY SHOT AND CAUGHT IT IN THE HEART!"



"I SCRAMMED OUT OF THERE IN A HURRY-- AND LAID LOW UNTIL I THOUGHT THE HEAT WAS OFF! THEN I DOLLED MYSELF UP IN NEW DUDS I BOUGHT WITH THE DOUGH I'D STOLEN FROM HIM-- AND DECIDED TO PAINT THE TOWN RED!"



"BUT WHEN THE CABBY PULLED UP--"



"YES, IT WAS HIM-- **COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!**
I RAN AS IF THE DEVIL HIMSELF WAS AFTER ME, BUT
THAT BLASTED CAB KEPT PACE--"



"NO MATTER WHERE I WENT, I COULDN'T
SHAKE THAT GHOST! I FINALLY DUCKED
INTO A BAR-- BUT WHEN I CAME OUT,
THAT HAUNTED CAB WAS STILL THERE!"



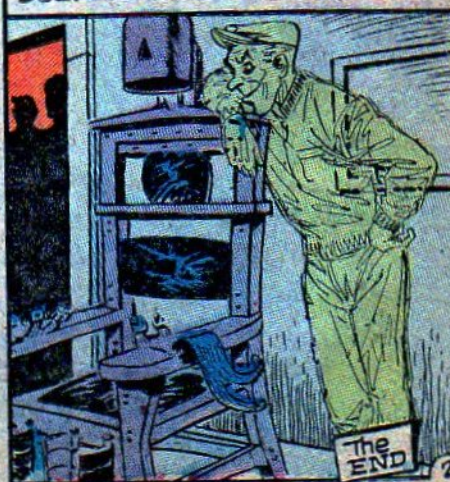
"I SHOULD'VE KNOWN THE SHOTS WOULD BRING THE COPS! THEY
WERE ON ME BEFORE I COULD RUN!"



"WELL, I GUESS YOU CAN FIGURE OUT THE REST OF THE
STORY-- HOW THE COPS FOUND OUT MY GUN WAS THE
ONE THAT SHOT THE CABBIE-- AND HOW I WAS CON-
VICTED OF MURDER AND SENT TO THE CHAIR!"



"I'M GOING NOW-- BUT SOMEHOW I
HAVE A FEELING THAT-- I **HAVEN'T**
SEEN THE LAST OF THAT GHOST!"



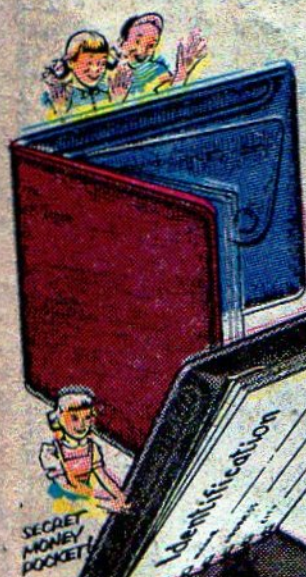


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CHILL CHATTER

WELL, FANS, YOU'VE done it! When we ventured to put a new title into the field of supernatural comics only a few months ago, there were those who had misgivings. "Sure," everybody agreed, "the stories are tops. The art is the best that money can buy, and the research into the vast realm of the *Unknown* has been more painstaking than anything ever before attempted! But is that enough? Will the audience single "*Skeleton Hand*" out from all the others for the truly great magazine that it is?"

Well, the answer wasn't long in coming. Our first issue was a total sellout! By the time our second issue reached the stands, reports of its excellence had carried far and wide. Already, we're told, those first issues are becoming collector's items. We're swamped with requests that we simply can't fill, because every copy is gone.

Now we bring you our third, and, we say modestly, our finest issue yet! "*Waters of Doom*" leads it off, as startling and climactic a tale as we've ever come across. For sheer tension and spellbinding suspense,

"*Terror in Black Hollow*" is a masterpiece from gripping start to electrifying finish. As for the spine-tingling events in "*Grave of Doom*", we think you'll shudder just a bit more violently the next time you hear a canine howl from afar. But this is only a part of the weird and gripping material you'll find. Our researchers have put together as bangup a collection of yarns based on facts, legends, and eerie reports of supernatural manifestations as you'll find anywhere!

Already we're much in your debt, fans. For no sooner had our magazine hit the stands than hundreds of you began writing to us, telling us what you thought, which stories you liked best, what kind of story you wanted more of! So, our policy is now based on your expressed desires. We'll publish all your letters just as soon as we can find the space. Meanwhile, we're anxious to hear from you. Just write to The Editor, "*Skeleton Hand*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

And now, let's dip into our brimming mailbag for comments from you, our loyal fans:

"Dear Editor:-

I've read many other suspense and weird comics, but I find yours the very best. I liked especially the story "Deathless Mortal". Good luck. I'll be looking forward to your next issue.

--Natalie Jacobson, Halifax, N. J."

"Dear Editor:-

I think "Skeleton Hand" is the best book I've ever read. All your stories were great, but I thought "Death for Hire" best. Keep them coming.

--David Manning, Doylestown, Pa."

"Dear Editor:-

I have just finished reading your first edition of "Skeleton Hand" and I liked "Death for Hire" best. I hope you continue to print these spine-tingling stories. My husband reads them too. Good luck.

--Edith M. Christmas, Hialeah, Fla."

"Dear Editor:-

Your magazine is sensational. There wasn't a single story that I didn't like. The best one was "Death for Hire". That one sure had a good grip. Keep up the good work.

--M. Mitchell, Moline, Ill."

A MOONLIT SHADOW BROUGHT FORTH A CREATURE WHOSE HOWL WAS A SUMMONS TO DEATH---WHEN RENDING FANGS WOULD CAST ANOTHER GOUL INTO THE BONDAGE OF EVIL! ONLY ONE THING COULD FORESTALL THE WEREWOLF'S SEARCH FOR PREY---SOMETHING THAT MEANT A NEW SURGE OF TERROR AT...

The GRAVE of DOOM!



HATE TO CALL IT A NIGHT, HONEY---ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S A FULL MOON--- BUT IT'S NEARLY TWELVE O'CLOCK!

I WON'T GO INSIDE UNTIL YOUR CAR REACHES THE VALLEY CROSSROAD, TOM--- AND THEN WE CAN EXCHANGE THE USUAL SIGNAL!

MINUTES LATER---

IT WAS HARD TO EXPLAIN TO TOM--- BUT I HATED TO SEE HIM GO! JUST AS IF SOMETHING WAS WARNING ME--- **THAT I SHOULDN'T BE ALONE!**





SUDDENLY...

SOMEONE'S COMING THROUGH THE GARDEN...I CAN SEE HIS SHADOW! WHO IS IT?



STRANGE THAT YOU DID NOT GO INSIDE WHEN THE CAR LEFT! BY WHAT ODD QUIRK OF FATE DID YOU REMAIN OUT HERE?

TOM BLINKS HIS HEAD-LIGHTS JUST BEFORE HE TURNS OUT OF SIGHT ON THE VALLEY ROAD...AND I SIGNAL BACK WITH THIS LAMP! NOW...SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHY YOU'RE PROWLING AROUND?



TO FIND A HUMAN BEING WHO WOULD BEHOLD MY SHADOW CAST BY THE FULL MOON...AT EXACTLY MIDNIGHT...AS YOU HAVE JUST DONE!

YOUR SHADOW! BUT GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT...IT'S STARTING TO FADE!



AS A FLICKERING GLOW BREAKS AROUND THE OMINOUS FIGURE...

WHY DID YOU CALL ME A HUMAN BEING? GOOD LORD...WHAT ARE YOU?

A CREATURE THAT SEEKS MORTAL PREY! NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN MY MID-NIGHT SHADOW UNDER THE FULL MOON...YOU ARE DESTINED TO KNOW THE TERROR OF WHAT I REALLY AM!



WHEN A FIENDISH TRANSFORMATION...

AND THE...TERROR STARTS...BY WATCHING...THIS!



I AM A THING THAT GAINS LIFE FROM THE PSYCHIC FORCE OF MY VICTIMS...A WEREWOLF!

NO...NO! DON'T COME NEAR ME!



NOT YET! BUT AT TOMORROW'S SUNSET YOU WILL HEAR MY HOWL...AND IT WILL MARK YOU FOR THE FANGS YOU CANNOT ESCAPE...WHEN MID-NIGHT COMES!

THANK GOSH I TURNED BACK WHEN I DIDN'T SEE JEAN'S LAMP GLEAMING! WHAT KIND OF FIEND IS SHE UP AGAINST?



TOM! FOR GOODNESS SAKE---STAY AWAY FROM THAT THING!

WHATEVER IT IS, HONEY---IT'S GOING TO WISH IT HAD STAYED AWAY FROM YOU!



IN THE NEXT SECOND---

HAA HA HA!



GREAT GUNS---I DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST SOMETHING THAT CAN CHANGE INTO A PHANTOM!

REMEMBER THAT TOMORROW NIGHT--- WHEN I COME FOR HER!



TOM---THAT DEMON'S A WEREWOLF! IT TOLD ME NOTHING COULD PREVENT MY BECOMING ITS NEXT VICTIM---AND NOW I'M SURE OF IT!

DON'T LET THIS FREAK GET YOU IN A STATE, JEAN! CENTURIES AGO, WEREWOLVES WERE NUMEROUS---AND THE FACT THAT THEY'RE RARELY SEEN NOWADAYS PROVES THEY CAN BE EXTERMINATED!

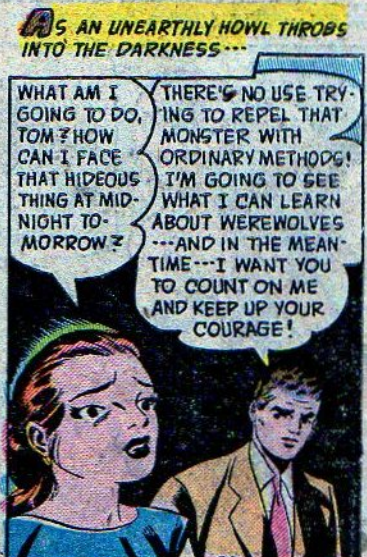


BUT I SURVIVED---BECAUSE I LEARNED TO AVOID THE ONE THING THAT CAN KILL A WEREWOLF! IN MEDIEVAL TIMES, A WEREWOLF WAS DRAGGED IN CHAINS TO THE GRAVE OF ITS VICTIM---AND PINNED TO THE MOUND WITH A SPEAR THROUGH ITS HEART! THE SPEAR ALONE HELD NO TERROR TO A CREATURE OF EVIL---BUT WHEN ITS BLOOD WAS SHED AT THE SPOT WHERE ITS PREY LAY BURIED---THE WEREWOLF WAS DOOMED!



NOW YOU KNOW WHY I SHUN GRAVEYARDS---AND WHY MY BLOOD WILL NEVER COME IN CONTACT WITH THE SOIL THAT COVERS ONE OF MY VICTIMS!

TOM---IT'S STARTING TO VANISH!



AS AN UNEARTHLY HOWL THROBS INTO THE DARKNESS---

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO, TOM? HOW CAN I FACE THAT HIDEOUS THING AT MIDNIGHT TO-MORROW?

THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO REPEL THAT MONSTER WITH ORDINARY METHODS! I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN LEARN ABOUT WEREWOLVES---AND IN THE MEANTIME---I WANT YOU TO COUNT ON ME AND KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE!

DARLING, I **WOULD** BE BRAVE...IF IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF FACING DEATH! BUT SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

THERE **MUST** BE A WAY, JEAN! I'LL FIND IT!

The FOLLOWING EVENING...AS DUSK CLOSES IN LIKE THE SHADOW OF DOOM...

STRANGE THERE'S BEEN NO WORD FROM TOM! GOOD HEAVENS, SUPPOSE THE WEREWOLF HAS DONE SOMETHING TO KEEP HIM AWAY...TO MAKE SURE I'LL MEET IT'S TERROR ALONE?

SUDDENLY...

WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGE LIGHTS... MOVING ACROSS THE LAWN?



FOR AN INSTANT OF TERROR...AS A DIM FORM HOVERS IN THE GLOOM...

AAOOOO!

IT'S THE WEREWOLF'S SPIRIT... SOUNDING THE HOWL THAT WILL MAKE ME ITS NEXT VICTIM! BUT IT WON'T HAPPEN...IT WON'T... **BECAUSE I WON'T LET MYSELF LIVE TO FACE IT!**

Then...FROM ACROSS THE DARKENING VALLEY...

THERE'S A CAR COMING ALONG THE VALLEY ROAD...BLINKING ITS HEADLIGHTS! IT CAN'T BE ANYONE **BUT** TOM...AND UNTIL HE GETS HERE, I'M GOING TO REMEMBER WHAT HE SAID...AND **KEEP UP MY COURAGE!**

MINUTES LATER...

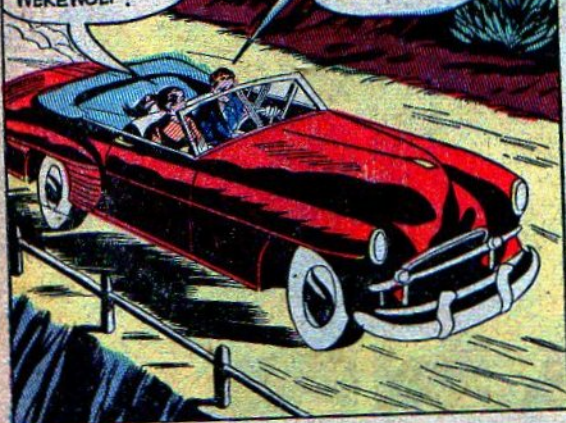
OH, TOM...IT WAS AWFUL! WHEN I HEARD THAT HOWL AT SUNSET, I WENT WILD WITH TERROR...**I DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE!**

I **KNEW** I SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE, JEAN... BUT CHECKING POLICE FILES TIED ME UP! ANYWAY, I'LL EXPLAIN ABOUT THAT WHILE WE'RE DRIVING...**WE'VE GOT PLENTY TO DO BEFORE MIDNIGHT!**



WHAT DO YOU MEAN... **PLENTY TO DO?** YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE FOUND A WAY TO WARD OFF THE WEREWOLF!

THAT'S WHAT I'M NOT SURE OF! BUT IF THERE **IS** A WAY TO CHECK THAT FIEND... **WE'LL FIND IT IN OAK HILL CEMETERY!**



I CHECKED EVERY CASE OF VIOLENT DEATH DURING THE PAST YEAR! ONE WAS A MAN NAMED MITCHELL... WHO WAS BRUSHED OFF AS A CRACKPOT ONLY A MONTH AGO... WHEN HE WENT TO THE POLICE WITH A WILD STORY ABOUT A SHADOW THAT CHANGED INTO A HIDEOUS MONSTER! THEY FOUND HIS MANGLED BODY SHORTLY AFTER TWELVE O'CLOCK THE FOLLOWING NIGHT... **AND NO ONE EVER SUSPECTED IT WAS THE WORK OF A WEREWOLF!**



BUT WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO, TOM... LEARNING THE IDENTITY OF ONE OF THE WEREWOLF'S VICTIMS? WE CAN'T LURE HIM TO MITCHELL'S GRAVE... **BECAUSE HE'S CRAFTY ENOUGH TO STAY AWAY FROM CEMETERIES!**

RIGHT! BUT I'VE GOT **ANOTHER** METHOD IN MIND, JEAN... **AND IT'S GOING TO TAKE NERVE!**



MINUTES LATER... WITH THE TOMBSTONES RANKED LIKE SILENT WATCHERS...

HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO SPEND TOO MUCH TIME HERE, TOM! DO YOU KNOW WHERE MITCHELL IS BURIED?

GOOD LORD... IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME! IT'S A **NEW GRAVE, JEAN... MEANING IT WON'T BE MARKED!**



FROM FAR OFF... CARRIED ON THE NIGHT BREEZE LIKE A NOTE OF MOCKERY...

AAOOOO!

THAT HOWLING FIEND MUST SENSE WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST! IT'S MADDENING TO BE SURROUNDED BY GRAVES... **AND NOT BE ABLE TO FIND THE VERY ONE THAT CAN WARD OFF TERROR!**

WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN SEE A WEIRD GLOW... **AND IT ISN'T CAUSED BY MOONLIGHT REFLECTED FROM THE TOMBSTONES!**



GOOD HEAVENS... IT'S A GHOST!

WHEN ONLY **ONE** GHOST APPEARS IN A CEMETERY, THERE MUST BE A REASON... **MAYBE THIS IS THE VERY GRAVE WE'RE LOOKING FOR!**



SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU KNOW
WHAT BROUGHT US HERE! IF YOUR
NAME USED TO BE MITCHELL---IF
YOU MET THE TERRIBLE DEATH
ONLY A WEREWOLF CAN INFLICT
---RETURN TO YOUR
GRAVE!

**THEN---AS A DWINDLING VAPOR
SINKS INTO THE SILENT MOUND---**

TOM---YOU WERE
RIGHT! THE GHOST
DOES KNOW WHY
WE CAME---IT'S
DISAPPEAR-
ING!

**THE GRAVE OF
A VICTIM---**
JEAN, START
WALKING TOWARD
THE GATE---I'LL
BE ALONG IN A
SECOND!

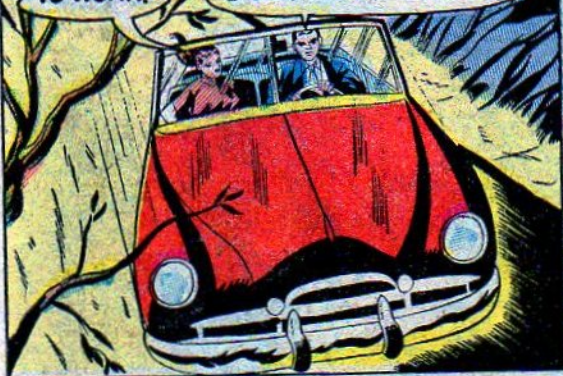
WISH I KNEW WHAT
YOU'RE UP TO, TOM!
THAT GLASS THING
LOOKS LIKE THE
SPIRE. THAT'S PUT
ON THE TOP OF A
CHRISTMAS TREE!

THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT IT IS! AND
SINCE IT'S BOTH
POINTED AND
HOLLOW---I'VE
FOUND ANOTHER
USE FOR
IT!



I WON'T ASK WHAT
YOU HAVE IN MIND,
DARLING! IT WOULD
JUST MEAN TORTUR-
ING MYSELF
---WONDERING
IF IT'S GOING
TO WORK!

I'M COUNTING ON THE WEREWOLF'S
BELIEF THAT IT CAN'T BE HARMED
---AS LONG AS IT KEEPS CLEAR
OF A VICTIM'S GRAVE! BUT IF IT
HAS THE SLIGHTEST SUSPICION
OF WHAT I HAVE IN MIND---IT'LL
TEAR ME APART BEFORE
I CAN LIFT A FINGER!



**HOURS LATER---AS THE DARKNESS TIPTOES TOWARD
MIDNIGHT LIKE A THING AFRAID---**

WE HAVEN'T GOT LONG
TO WAIT---AND YET EVERY
SECOND IS LIKE A
LIFETIME OF
TERROR!

THERE'S NO WAY
OUT OF THE ORDEAL,
HONEY---BUT I'M
PRETTY SURE THAT
TWELVE O'CLOCK
IS GOING TO
FIND US PREPAR-
ED IN A WAY
THAT CREEP
NEVER
EXPECTED!



SUDDENLY---

I CAN SEE IT'S A GOOD
THING I CAME SOMEWHAT
BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

WHO IN
BLAZES
ARE
YOU?



TOM---GET AWAY FROM
HIM! CAN'T YOU SEE
HIM CHANGING?

GREAT GUNS
---THE WERE-
WOLF!





I'VE GOT TO BREAK AWAY! IF THAT GLASS SPIRE IS SHATTERED... WE'RE GONERS!



TOM... NEVER MIND ME! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE... SAVE YOURSELF!

IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT! HE'S GOING TO DIE... STARING AT THE FACE THAT WILL SOON BE DRAWING CLOSE TO YOU!

REELING UNDER THE UNEARTHLY GRIP... TOM MAKES A FINAL EFFORT!



HAA! IS THAT WHAT YOU PLANNED... A PIECE OF POINTED GLASS? EVEN AFTER I MENTIONED THAT NOT EVEN A SPEAR COULD HARM ME... UNLESS IT SHED MY BLOOD OVER A VICTIM'S GRAVE?



SUDDENLY...

IMPS OF PERDITION... I'M GETTING DIZZY!

TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T HAVE GUESSED WHAT'S INSIDE THAT GLASS POINT. CREEP!



IN A RIPPING FLASH...

AARGH!

YOU CAN RELAX NOW, HONEY! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CONFIDENT OF MY METHOD... CONSIDERING THE IDEA CAME FROM THE WEREWOLF HIMSELF!

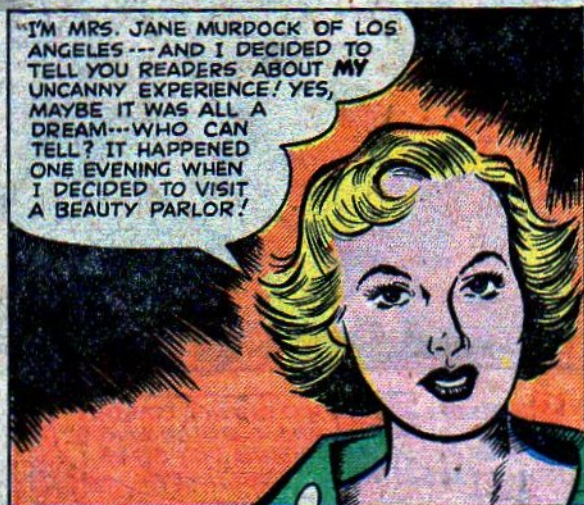


GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN WHAT THIS WAS FOR, JEAN! THE WEREWOLF BOASTED THAT HE'D NEVER GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO A CEMETERY TO RISK HAVING HIS BLOOD COME IN CONTACT WITH THE SOIL COVERING A VICTIM... BUT HE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT THE SAME EFFECT COULD BE PRODUCED BY THRUSTING THE SOIL INTO HIS BLOOD-STREAM!

TOM, FROM NOW ON I'M READY TO COUNT ON YOU FOR ANYTHING... FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

THE END!

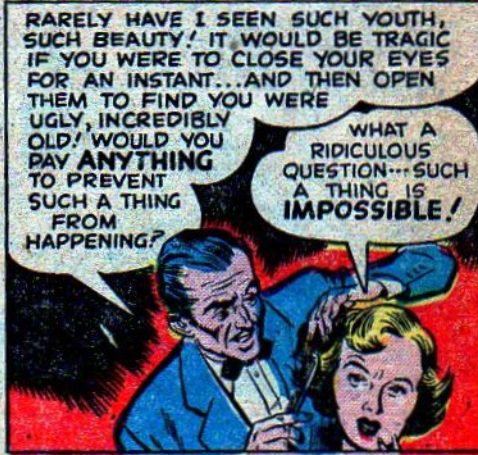
"7^{True}" UNCANNY EXPERIENCES



I WAS IMPRESSED WITH THE LUXURIOUS FURNISHINGS OF THE PLACE---AND BY ITS STRANGELY MAGNETIC PROPRIETOR!



HIS HANDS WERE SKILLFUL AND SOOTHING--



I WAS FRIGHTENED AT THE SUDDEN TURN HIS CONVERSATION HAD TAKEN. I THOUGHT OF GETTING UP, LEAVING---BUT BEFORE I COULD, THE HAIR-DRYER HAD BEEN PLACED ON MY HEAD---AND I FELT A SUDDEN PARALYSIS OVERTAKE MY BODY!

AN EERIE HUM FILLED THE AIR...AND I FELT MYSELF FALLING, FALLING INTO THE SPIRALLING VORTEX OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS...



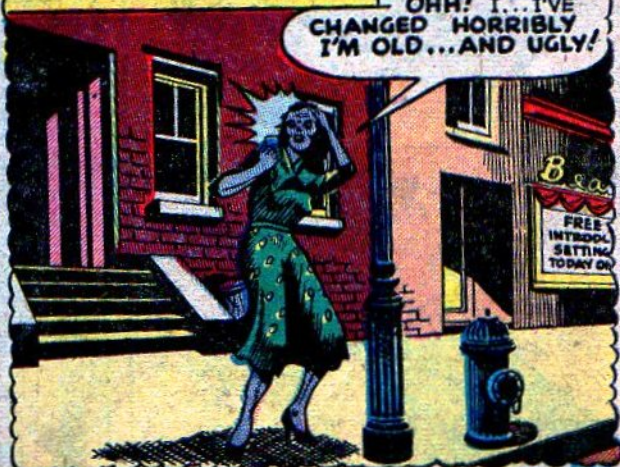
THEN I SEEMED TO HAVE A DREAM---
OF MYSELF FLEEING IN TERROR
FROM THE BEAUTY PARLOR!

I...I DON'T KNOW
WHY---BUT I FEEL
AS IF MY FEATURES
ARE CHANGING!



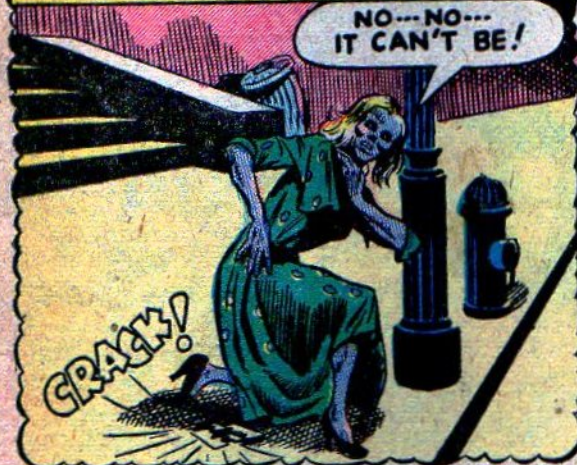
I PAUSED UNDER A STREET LAMP TO LOOK
INTO MY POCKET MIRROR--- AND STARED
AGHAST AT WHAT I SAW!

OHH! I...I'VE
CHANGED HORRIBLY
I'M OLD...AND UGLY!



BEFORE MY VERY EYES, I BECAME EVEN OLDER,
UGLIER! THE MIRROR DROPPED FROM
MY NERVELESS, SHRIVELED FINGERS...

NO---NO---
IT CAN'T BE!



A MINUTE LATER, DEATH OVERTOOK
ME IN MY DREAM---MERCIFUL DEATH!



AND MY DREAM ENDED---
WITH THIS GHASTLY
VISION!

SUDDENLY THE NIGHTMARE
WAS OVER---AND I FOUND
MYSELF BACK IN THE BEAUTY
PARLOR!

THANK HEAVENS--
IT...IT WAS ONLY A
HORRIBLE DREAM!

IT WAS NO DREAM,
MADAME---MERELY A
PREDICTION OF WHAT WILL
HAPPEN TO YOU--UNLESS
YOU YIELD ME
YOUR SOUL!



YOU'RE MAD! I...I'M
GETTING OUT OF HERE---
RIGHT NOW!

HA HA!
YOU WILL
BE BACK!





I... I DON'T KNOW WHY--- BUT MY FACE---IT'S STARTING TO FEEL **STRANGE!**



OHH! THE...THE DREAM--- IT... IT'S COMING TRUE!

I KNEW WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE! MY HEART FILLED WITH TERROR, I TOTTERED BACK ON FEEBLE, ANCIENT LEGS INTO THE BEAUTY PARLOR!



I...I'LL PAY YOU **ANYTHING...** IF YOU CHANGE ME BACK TO THE WAY I WAS!

I WAS EXPECTING YOU! ALL YOU NEED DO IS SIGN THIS DOCUMENT BUT HURRY--- WHILE YOU STILL HAVE **STRENGTH!**



THERE--- I SIGNED IT!

HA-HA--- NOW GIVE ME IT!

IT WORKED-I CHANGED BACK TO---OHH! BUT YOU ALSO CHANGED---YOU'RE **SATAN!**

OF COURSE! AND NOW FAREWELL---UNTIL THE MOMENT OF YOUR DEATH --WHEN YOUR SOUL SHALL BE MINE!



THERE WAS A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT---AND SUDDENLY I WAS STANDING IN A VACANT, UNFURNISHED STORE!



HE...HE VANISHED--- TOGETHER WITH THAT DEVILISH, HORRIBLE HAIR-DRYER!

OUTSIDE, THE STORE WAS EXACTLY AS I HAD SEEN IT THE DAY BEFORE!



I---I FEEL AS IF I'VE BEEN WALKING IN A DREAM, AND I'VE JUST AWAKENED! BUT **WAS IT A DREAM--OR FACT? HAVE I LOST MY SOUL? I'LL NEVER KNOW---UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!**

THAT'S THE STORY, READER--- AS WE HEARD IT! **FACT OR FICTION? WHAT DO YOU THINK?**



THE END!

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